

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Letters from Spain, Portugal, and France, during the Memorable Campaigns of 1811, 1812, and 1813, and from Belgium and France, in the Year 1815. By a British Officer. 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1819.

So much has already appeared of the memorable events during the period in which these letters purport to have been written, that little novelty can be expected from them; and yet the events themselves were so numerous and important, that it is scarcely possible to suppose that the subject can be completely exhausted, or that a writer who was on the scene of action cannot still be able to impart some interest to his narrative.

These letters are dated from different places and at different times; the first from Portalegre, in Portugal, in October, 1811, and the last from Calais, in December, 1815; the writer having been attached to a corps of the British army, during the whole of its triumphant career from the banks of the Tagus to those of the Seine.

The author describes the city of Lisbon as very beautiful, when viewed from the river; it then vies in splendour with the finest city in the world; but when you come within its walls you are much disappointed, as the streets are narrow, ill-placed, and in many places covered with nastiness, to the depth of several inches:—

'None of the inhabitants ever contribute, either by personal service or pecuniary aid, to remove the nuisance now complained of. The present system of police, I believe, allows of no scavengers, but those only known in Britain, as house or watch-dogs. These poor creatures are starved all the day, and in the evening are turned out in the streets, to find food for the ensuing day. Hundreds of these dogs nightly parade the streets, who, having got nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger, in the morning are to be seen supporting themselves against the walls, unable to walk, from weakness. The piteous howling of these animals, as they crawl along the streets, would wring a tear of sympathy from the most hardened savage that ever trod the African desert; yet it produces no effect on the heart of a Portuguese, except so far as to excite a laugh, at the expense of the person commiserating the cruel fate of the four footed scavenger.'

We think we very early discover the bias of this British officer, and that he is one who is not very sparing in loading his enemies with obloquy; and, indeed, if the outrage which he relates be true, it is not easy to libel them. He states, that when Lord Wellington retired from Almeida, to the strong lines of Torres-Vedras, the inhabitants were invited to remove to a place of safety in the rear. Amongst those who refused the proffered protection, was an old man, with his wife and an only child, a beautiful daughter, who occupied a small house at Valada. The French entered; a party took possession of

the old man's house; and first one, and then a second, paid their addresses to the beautiful Maria, who rejected their proffered hands with disdain:—

'At length an order arrived, for the detachment in Valada to retire to Santarem. On the evening of the day that they received the order of recall, one of them again solicited her hand, which she, as before, refused; the refusal was conclusive—they dragged the unfortunate girl from under her father's roof, while he, in attempting to protect his daughter, received a stab from one of their bayonets, of which he soon after died. Maria was robbed of the brightest jewel that ever adorned her sex. Her mother was ill-treated, and the house was plundered.'

In many towns the Portuguese were very ungrateful to their deliverers; and it was only by threats that any accommodation could be procured at Almendralejo; however, our author was more fortunate, inasmuch as the French had evacuated the place rather more quickly than they expected, and left a dinner at the fire. The following anecdote of an Hibernian soldier is worth relating:—

'On the march from Almendralejo to Merida, a soldier, belonging to a regiment in our division, having drunk rather freely of the juice of the grape, quitted the ranks. He had scarcely done so, ere he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake till very late in the evening. Alone, and in an uninhabited part of the country, the poor fellow knew not whither to turn himself. His thoughts uncomposed, he often upbraided himself for his misconduct. He fancied he saw his name handed in to the adjutant-general, as a deserter to the enemy; himself about to be tried for the offence before a general court martial; the sentence of death passed; and the platoon, headed by the provost marshal, ready to carry the sentence into execution. To a village on his left he directed his steps, to see if some friendly individual would plead for him at head-quarters. In this village he was informed, there were two French soldiers concealed. A thought started across his mind, that if he could get them secured, he would be able to carry them into Almeida as prisoners, and thereby procure his pardon. Having communicated this idea to some of the inhabitants, they agreed to assist him. In an instant he loaded his musket; proceeded to the house where they lay—disarmed them; and, in two hours after, marched them off in triumph. Some officers of the 71st regiment, seeing a British soldier, with two Frenchmen as prisoners, coming from the opposite side of the river, where none of the allied troops were at that time quartered, asked the soldier, "What men are these you have got?" Pat replied, "by J——s, your honours, I cannot tell; I believe they are Frenchmen."

In our review of Captain Brown's narrative, last week, we had occasion to notice the brutal modes of burial in South America, but the one in Portugal, as described by our author, is still more revolting:—

'Around the bier stood a goodly assemblage of priests and friars, chiefly of the lower class, who, for a considerable time, chanted their hymns for the soul of the deceased. When

they had finished, I advanced to take a look at the coffin, when, to my astonishment, I found it open, and the face of the lady about to be interred, still uncovered. She was clothed in a fine muslin dress, and her countenance, though now in ruins, still exhibited marks of striking beauty. The junior priests proceeded to carry the corpse to a grave prepared in the church, whither, when they had come, the grave-digger drew away the bottom of the coffin, when, of consequence, the body descended, in a manner the most revolting to the feelings, into her place of rest. A very little earth being scattered over the body, the personage before mentioned, with a thick log of wood, began literally to pound the body, and continued to do so till it was beat into so little space, as to admit all the earth which had been dug from the hole.'

The British officer's coarseness of expression does not make this custom appear the less disgusting; and his description of the manner in which the Portuguese donnas rid themselves of vermin, with which they ought not to be acquainted, is filthy in the extreme, and bears very little the appearance of probability. If true, and such an account might be tolerated in a letter to a friend, (although we should not thank any friend for it,) yet it is too disgusting to publish.

Most of our readers are acquainted with the popular song of 'Paddy Carey,' but few of them, we suspect, know that he was killed in Portugal; or, perhaps, it was only a namesake of this hero, of whom our author speaks in the following anecdote:—

'About an hour after the taking of Fort Napoleon, I observed a soldier of the 50th regiment, immediately under the walls, occasionally bending over the lifeless trunk of one of his comrades, and now and then wiping away the salt tear as it trickled down his furrowed cheek. I stepped up to him, and ventured to divert his attention, by inquiring the name of the deceased. Till then, he had imagined that he was pouring out his grief in secret; for when I spoke, he looked abashed, and began to dry up the water then in his eyes. In answer to my question, he told me that the name of the deceased was Paddy Carey, and his own brother; that he was the third of the family that had given up their lives for their country; and that he was now left alone to mourn the loss of those who had gone before him. He regretted much that circumstances prevented him from bestowing decent burial on the deceased; and, when I left him, the noble fellow had begun to dig a hole with his bayonet, to receive the mangled remains of his beloved relative.'

The account of a Spanish bull fight is among the best of our author's descriptions; it took place in the square of Truxillo:—

'A few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening, five Spaniards, who were to fight the bulls, appeared in the square, each provided with a brown cloak in the left hand, and a pike in the right. These having taken their posts, one of the bulls was turned out, who, on making his *début*, looked furiously wild, while the air rung with the acclamations of a delighted populace. The honest bull had no idea that such a reception awaited him, as, in all his former perambulations, no one had deigned to notice him. He gazed on the passing scene with wonder. In a few minutes he became quite furious. Perceiving an opening under one of the waggons, at the lower part of the square, he darted towards it, in hopes of obtaining his liberty. The wagon was crowded with men and women, who, at the animal's approach, were precipitated in curious and truly laughable attitudes, from their exalted station, to the same level with the object of their fears. For a time every eye was turned to the scene of confusion, anxiously waiting the result of the grand charge of the courageous animal. At this momentous crisis, so big with the fate of many, the Span-

ish heroes advanced to meet their antagonist, and with savage bellowing stopped him short in his victorious career. To one of his tormentors he turned with death-like fury; and, on his head, seemed determined to wreak his utmost vengeance. The object of his hatred he pursued with such speed, that every one thought that the life of the Spaniard would be forfeited to his temerity. But well the wily Don knew that the bull could be deceived; and, to show us that such was the fact, he permitted the mad animal to get so close, as to make an attempt to toss him on his horns. Thus situated, the Spaniard had recourse to his cloak, which he threw at the head of the bull, who, fancying the man in his power, stopped, and tossed it in the air. The other four were not idle during this recontre between their friend and the bull. Having come to his assistance, one of them inflicted a wound in the hip of the poor brute, and made the best of his way to a place of safety; hotly pursued by his enemy, till stopped by the cloak of the fugitive, and the pikes of the others as before. In this manner the fight continued, till the creature was completely exhausted, unable to shake his head, or raise a foot. In this state he was removed, to make room for a second, who afforded no sport whatever.'

A third was tried, and he afforded a rich treat to the lovers of this refined amusement, until he effected his escape by a narrow street, which had not been well barricaded. At Villa Alba, a German hussar displayed great prowess, by successively cutting down two French dragoons, by whom he was assailed, but he fell by the hand of a third who attacked him.

Our author does not give us a very favourable idea of the delicacy of Spanish females:—

'The Spanish ladies are generally handsome and well looked, but the middle class fall off very much, and the lower orders are—forgive me—ugly. All the three classes are lazy. The first are well dressed, the second tolerably, and the third miserably. The first class are clean in their persons; the second, but so so; and the third are extremely dirty. They live in the manner of pigs by day, and at night they stow themselves into bed in exact imitation of the swinish multitude. During the time we were quartered in Robledo, I slept in the same apartment with the patron, his wife, and four children. When they went to bed, the patron pulled off his short brown jacket, but the wife and children tumbled in as they were. When they rose in the morning, not one of the family put a drop of water on their hands or face; nor, for the eight days in which I was in the house, did the members of this family wash themselves. When I spoke to them of it, they laughed at my idea of cleanliness.'

In the military details with which this work abounds, there are several anecdotes of individual bravery related; the following are the most striking:—

'A private soldier, named William Bisket, had his thigh perforated by a musket-ball during the dreadful struggle on the right of our position on the morning of the 25th July. With his musket in his hand, he quitted the field, the blood flowing from the wound as he passed to the rear. He had proceeded about two hundred yards, when, turning round, he beheld his companions supporting the conflict with undiminished ardour. At the sight, his bosom was fired with fresh courage. He returned to the gory field, to assist his handful of friends against the numerous legions of their enemies. Being asked, what motive induced him to rejoin his company? He replied—"To have another shot at the rascals, Sir, before I leave you." The gallant soldier fired once, and was in the act of presenting his piece a second time, when another ball penetrated his arm above the elbow, shattered the bone, and compelled the hero to retire from the field of honour, regretted by his admiring countrymen.'

'In the early part of the action of the 25th July, private William Dougald, of the same company, was also hit on the

right thigh, by three spent balls, in the course of five minutes ; and, although all of them were severe in their kind, the poor fellow never quitted the field. An action appeared inevitable on the 30th, and Dougald being so lame as scarce able to walk, he was desired to go to the rear :—“ No,” said he ; “ I will rather die than leave my comrades ! ” I shall never forget the exertions he made to keep up with the company. He marched—he fought—and, in fifteen minutes, the gallant soldier was stretched lifeless on the ground, by one of the enemy’s riflemen.

Our author, in giving an account of the French army, previous to the memorable battle of Waterloo, betrays the same want of impartiality we have already complained of ; he states the French army at 165,000 men, composed of veterans and the flower of the French soldiery ; now it is notorious that it was a motley army which the French had, being collected from different quarters, and many of them raw and undisciplined. His account of the battle of Ligny, the danger of Blucher, and the other occurrences of that day, add nothing to our information on the subject ; but our author’s minuteness of detail, respecting the Duke of Wellington, was not, we believe, in the London Gazette, nor in any of the accounts of this campaign, and, therefore, must, at least, have the *merit* of novelty. The Duke had been closely shut up in a little hut near Quartre Pras, where the news of Blucher’s defeat reached him :—

‘ Having issued the necessary orders for the retreat of the army, he came out of his airy residence, and for an hour walked alone in front of it. Now and then his meditations were interrupted by a courier with a note, who, the moment he had delivered it, retired to some distance to wait his General’s will. The Field-Marshal had a small switch in his right hand, one end of which he frequently put to his mouth, apparently unconscious that he was doing so. His left hand was thrown carelessly behind his back, and he walked at the rate of three and a half to four miles in the hour ! ’

The battle of Waterloo has been so often described, and that by abler pens than our author wields, that it furnishes nothing of importance with which we were not already acquainted ; if we except one fact, and it certainly is an important one—that at one o’clock the Duke of Richmond communicated to Wellington that ‘ Marshal Blucher, with forty thousand Prussians, was advancing, by several roads, from Wavre, to attack the right flank of the French army, and of whose movements Napoleon knew nothing.’ This is the most rational ground for that lengthened and obstinate defence on the part of the Duke of Wellington that we have yet heard.

Our author was wounded in the groin in this tremendous conflict, and, therefore, was obliged to quit his friends, who were ‘ firm as the mountain rock, and shewing, by their looks, that every one of them had made up his mind to conquer or die.’ The following account of the last effort of the French on this (to them) fatal day is thus given by a friend of the author, who was present :—

‘ The enemy opened a tremendous fire on us from every piece of artillery he had in the field ; and also from a cloud of sharp-shooters, who covered the advance of the Imperial guard. The French advanced with great intrepidity, and, for some time, carried every thing before them :—Our light troops were quickly drawn in, who took their station in line, and in square, when their services became no longer useful in front. As the enemy’s troops approached the crest of the height, the fire from their artillery slackened. The smoke having, in some measure, evaporated, the two armies found

themselves opposed to each other at the distance of twenty paces. For a moment the two armies viewed each other with stern composure, and then, as if by mutual consent, proceeded to decide the important contest.

‘ The battle raged with violence for a considerable time ; and, till half-past seven, the victory was doubtful. About that time, however, some little hesitation was observed in their movements, and the gallant Blucher was seen advancing on the enemy’s right, spreading death and dismay over that part of the field. The Duke, perceiving that all was not right with Napoleon, ordered the whole of the allied army to advance. The charge was irresistible. The enemy fled in confusion, and their flying columns were roughly handled by our cavalry and artillery. The old guard of Buonaparte attempted to stop our progress. The carnage was immense ;—in many places the enemy lay in heaps ;—our artillery made dreadful havoc in their squares of infantry, and the numerous mangled corpses, which every where strewed the field, showed, from the nature of their wounds, that the cavalry had done their duty. After a desperate resistance, on the part of the old guard, we drove the enemy past La Belle Alliance, a little in front of which we came in contact with the Prussians, who halted on our approach, and played our national air of “ God save the King.” In the vicinity of La Belle Alliance, the two great Commanders met, after the battle, and congratulated each other on the successful termination of their joint labours.

‘ The French troops fought with great bravery ; but, on several occasions, with too much ferocity. They really seemed, at times, to throw aside the character of the man, and assume that of the tiger. It was a desperate game, to be sure, which their leader was playing, and it was, no doubt, his best policy to employ men equally desperate as himself.’

In the remainder of the volume, which consists of a journal of the progress of the British army to Paris, interspersed with general orders and proclamations, we find nothing worth quoting except the following retort courteous by an English officer to the Duke de Berri :—

‘ A few days ago, Sir W—— D—— went out with his dog and his gun, to pass one or two of those tedious hours which now hung so heavily on our hands. But he had not been long engaged in the amusement, when he received a message from the Duke de B——, requesting him to leave the royal domains. Sir W. D., a little hurt at the message, proceeding as it did from such a quarter, replied to the bearer—“ Pray, Sir, will you have the goodness to ask the Duke de B——, who was it that gave him these domains ? ” The Duke rode off, and Sir W. prosecuted his sport, till the hour of three told him it was time to return to dinner.’

Had this work been published more immediately after the events it narrates, it would have possessed much more interest ; but now, the mere military movements in a campaign, however splendid, cannot be very attractive. The style of the work is excessively faulty, and the language, never elegant, is often disfigured by the coarsest vulgarities. It, however, contains some anecdotes which will protect it from a very severe censure, especially as it is not an ostentatious publication.

Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society.

(Continued.)

In the domestic habits of the American Indians, there is not a stronger or a more praiseworthy trait than their respect for old age. From their infancy they are taught to be kind and attentive to aged persons, and never to let them suffer for want of necessaries or comforts. It is a sacred principle with the Indians, that parental care in

childhood should be repaid by a similar care of those who are labouring under the infirmities of old age, and are no longer able to supply their own wants.

Greatness of mind, unaccompanied by vanity, seems an inherent quality in the Indians. When, at any of their particular festivals, a warrior is called upon to relate his feats of arms, he always does it as briefly as possible, leaving to those who have done less to swell their actions into importance.

The Indians do not entertain a very exalted opinion of the Whites, and will not admit them to be superior beings, as they first thought them. They laugh at the idea of a white man being anxious to accumulate treasures in this world which he cannot carry into the next; and think (truly enough) that there must be a great many thieves among them, since they always put locks to their doors, while the Indians never lock a door, and yet have no house-breakers. On this subject we have the following anecdote:—

'In the year 1771, while I was residing on the Big Beaver, I passed by the door of an Indian, who was a trader, and had consequently a quantity of goods in his house. He was going with his wife to Pittsburg, and they were shutting up the house, as no person remained in it during their absence. This shutting up was nothing else than putting a large hominy pounding-block with a few sticks of wood outside against the door, so as to keep it closed. As I was looking at this man with attention while he was so employed, he addressed me in these words: "See, my friend, this is an Indian lock that I am putting to my door." I answered, "Well enough; but I see you leave much property in the house, are you not afraid that those articles will be stolen while you are gone?"—"Stolen! by whom?"—"Why, by Indians, to be sure," "No, no," replied he, "no Indian would do such a thing, and unless a white man or white people should happen to come this way, I shall find all safe on my return."

In a chapter on the dress and manner of the Indians ornamenting their persons, we have a remarkable account of their ingenuity in tattooing:—

'The process of tattooing, which I once saw performed, is quickly done, and does not seem to give much pain. They have poplar bark in readiness burnt and reduced to a powder, the figures that are to be tattooed are marked or designed on the skin; the operator, with a small stick, rather larger than a common match, to the end of which some sharp needles are fastened, quickly pricks over the whole so that blood is drawn, then a coat of this powder is laid and left on to dry. Before the whites came into this country, they scarified themselves for this purpose with sharp flint stones, or pricked themselves with the sharp teeth of a fish.'

'In the year 1742, a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his own people for his bravery and prowess, and equally dreaded by their enemies, joined the Christian Indians, who then resided at this place. This man, who was then at an advanced age, had a most striking appearance, and could not be viewed without astonishment. Besides that his body was full of scars, where he had been struck and pierced by the arrows of the enemy, there was not a spot to be seen, on that part of it which was exposed to view, but what was tattooed over with some drawing relative to his achievements, so that the whole together struck the beholder with amazement and terror. On his whole face, neck, shoulders, arms, thighs, and legs, as well as on his breast and back, were represented scenes of the various actions and engagements he had been in; in short, the whole of his history was there deposited, which was well known to those of his nation, and was such that all who heard it thought it could never be surpassed by man. Far from murdering those who were defenceless or unarmed, his generosity, as

well as his courage and skill in the art of war, was acknowledged by all. When, after his conversion, he was questioned about his warlike feats, he frankly and modestly answered, "That being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds he had done while in the service of the evil spirit; but that he was willing to give an account in the manner in which he had been conquered." At his baptism, on the 23rd of December, 1742, he received the name of *Michael*, which he preserved until his death, which happened on the 24th of July, 1756. He led the life of a true Christian, and was always ready and willing to relate the history of his conversion, which I heard myself from his own mouth. His age, when he died, was supposed to be about eighty years.'

The dances of the Indians vary according to the purposes for which they are intended:—

'Their war dances have nothing engaging; their object, on the contrary, is to strike terror in the beholders. They are dressed and painted, or rather bedaubed with paint, in a manner suitable to the occasion. They hold the murderous weapon in their hand, and imitate, in their dance, all the warlike attitudes, motions, and actions, which are usual in an engagement with the enemy, and strive to excel each other by their terrific looks and gestures. They generally perform round a painted post set up for that purpose, in a large room or place enclosed or surrounded with posts, and roofed with the bark of trees; sometimes also this dance is executed in the open air. There every man presents himself in warrior's array, contemptuously looking upon the painted post, as if it was the enemy whom he is about to engage; as he passes by it he strikes, stabs, grasps, pretends to scalp, to cut, to run through; in short, endeavours to shew what he would do to a real enemy, if he had him in his power.'

The Indians meet occasionally for the purpose of recounting their warlike exploits, which is done in a kind of half-singing or *recitative*. Their songs are in general of the warlike or of the tender and pathetic kind. They are sung in short sentences, not without some kind of measure, harmonious to an Indian ear. Their accent is very pathetic, and the whole, in their language, produces considerable effect. The song of the Wyandot warriors, as translated by an Indian trader, would read thus:—

'Now I am going on an errand of pleasure—O God take pity on me, and throw good fortune in my way; grant that I may be successful.'

In a chapter of scalping, Mr. Heckewelder gives a curious instance of the courtesy of the Indians; we give it in his own words:—

'It is a well known fact that the Indians pluck out all their hair except one tuft on the crown of their heads, but the reason of this exception is not, perhaps, so well understood, which is no other than to enable themselves to take off each others' scalps in war with greater facility. "When we go to fight an enemy," say they, "we meet on equal ground; and we take off each other's scalps, if we can. The conqueror, whoever he may be, is intitled to have something to show to prove his bravery and his triumph, and it would be *ungenerous* in a warrior to deprive an enemy of the means of acquiring that glory of which he himself is in pursuit. A warrior's conduct ought to be *manly*, else he is *no man*." As this custom prevails among all the Indian nations, it would seem, as far as I have known, to be the result of a tacit agreement among them, to leave the usual trophies of victory accessible to the contending warriors on all sides; fearing, perhaps, that if a different custom should be adopted by one nation from motives of personal safety, or to destroy the warlike reputation of their rivals or enemies, it might be easily imitated on the other side, and there would be an end to Indian valour and heroism.'

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'I once remarked to an Indian that if such was their reason for letting a tuft of hair grow on the top of their heads, they might as well suffer the whole to remain, and I could not perceive why they were so careful in plucking it out. To this observation he answered: "My friend! a human being has but one head, and one scalp from that head is sufficient to show that it has been in my power. Were we to preserve a whole head of hair as the white people do, *several* scalps might be made out of it, which would be *unfair*. Besides, the coward might thus without danger share in the trophies of the brave warrior, and dispute with him the honour of victory."

'It is an awful spectacle to see the Indian warriors return home from a successful expedition with their prisoners and the scalps taken in battle. It is not unlike the return of a victorious army from the field, with the prisoners and *colours*, taken from the enemy, but the appearance is far more frightful and terrific. The scalps are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole, about five or six inches in length; the prisoners follow, and the warriors advance shouting the dreadful *scalp-yell*, which has been called by some the *death-halloo*, but improperly, for the reasons which I have already mentioned. For every *head* taken, dead or alive, a separate shout is given. In this yell or whoop, there is a mixture of triumph and terror; its elements, if I may so speak, seem to be *glory* and *fear*, so as to express at once the feelings of the shouting warriors, and those with which they have inspired to their enemies.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

An Address to the Right Hon. Lord Byron; with an Opinion on some of his Writings. By F. H. B. *Sonnets and Odes, Elegies, Ballads, and Sketches, chiefly Descriptive.* By William Linley, Esq. and the late Mr. Charles Leftley. 12mo. pp. 199. London, 1819.

In this little work there are, as the title expresses, the poetical productions of three persons. First comes F. H. B. with an admonitory address to Lord Byron, in which he regrets his lordship's desolation of heart, and that his pen, so powerful, is not oftener employed in the cause of virtue, since, as the author observes in one of his notes, such a genius, united to such powers of persuasion, would, in a good cause, give an influence almost irresistible, and of which the poet and his admirers might be equally proud. The poem itself, which is very short, is evidently written with the best intentions towards his lordship, and with a strong admiration of his talents; and it is by no means without poetical merit.

The poems by Mr. Leftley, consist of sonnets, odes, &c. This gentleman was parliamentary reporter to the Times Newspaper, and died in 1797, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was the school-mate of Mr. Linley, who has given his effusions to the public with a brief memoir of the author. In speaking of these productions, we do not forget the hint given in the prologue to the Fisherman's Hut, which it was attempted to fasten on poor Tobin:—

'Though living merit well may critics dread,
Yet sure their candour will protect the dead,
And envy's self permit the flow'r to bloom,
That only sheds its fragrance on the tomb.'

Mr. Linley, with the partiality of friendship, has eulogised Mr. Leftley's poems very highly; and, although we cannot agree with him in assigning him 'a place in the first rank of modern poets,' yet we will admit that there is considerable strength of language, and an originality of conception in 'many of his pieces, and that his allusions

are generally classical, and frequently instructive. There is much beauty and delicacy in the following:—

'SONNET.'

Pardon that absence, mistress, which offended,
And think what fears to servitude belong;
Indeed, indeed, my love, I meant no wrong,—
My thoughts, at least, upon your feast attended;
But had I come the merry guests among,
Though by your smiles and cheering care befriended,
How sadly would my sighs and tears have blended
With their wild mirth and Bacchanalian song!
Hard was the task, and painful to forbear,
When every social charm at once invited;
And sad the contrast of such social fare,
To sit alone in the mind's gloom benighted;
But, lo! you weep; nay, if my griefs you share,
By such compassion I am well requited.'

We now come to Mr. Linley, who apologises for placing his trifles by the side of Leftley's superior productions. These trifles, as the author so modestly calls them, are principally descriptive sketches, written during a residence in India, or when on the voyage. The author is, we believe, brother of the once celebrated singer, Miss Linley, who married the not less deservedly celebrated Mr. Sheridan. He is, we believe, the composer of several excellent pieces of music, and it is a subject which might be likely to inspire his muse with peculiar energy; we select, as a specimen, one of his monthly sketches, which is on that subject:—

'MARCH.'

MUSIC.
Friend of my youth, soother of every care
That cross'd its flowery path; O! may'st thou long,
With all thy tenderest eloquence of song,
Beguile life's sorrows; from my bosom tear
Each stormy passion that its rest invades.
Lull'd by thy strain, a sad remembrance steals
Into my thoughts, and for a moment fades
Hope's fairy prospect from my longing sight;
For then my mind a mournful impulse feels
To dwell on days, long lost, of past delight,
When by my father's side I bent mine ear
To sweet instruction in thy winning art.
And shall I check the sigh, suppress the tear
That flows from filial love, and stills my throbbing heart?
Ah! no; for ever let me turn to thee,
Delightful power of harmony,
And, from thy ever varying measure,
Snatch the purest sweets of pleasure,
In strains that bid grief's wilder tumults cease,
That warm to piety, and soothe to peace.'

As a whole, this a very pleasing little volume, and many of the pieces possess considerable spirit and poetical beauty.

The History of North Wales. By William Cathrall; assisted by several Gentlemen of Literary Distinction. Part I. 4to. pp. 40. Chester, 1819.

We had scarcely noticed the first three numbers of a well conducted periodical publication, devoted to Welsh literature, when the first part of the 'History of North Wales' was put into our hands.

Until within the last few years, county histories were not very numerous; indeed, the task must always be an arduous one, and rarely lucrative; the inducements, therefore, are not great. But now we have historians who hesitate not to devote a considerable portion of their lives

to illustrating the history of some particular province or country, and who are thus contributing to a complete history of the whole of the British empire. Separate histories of York, Durham, Cheshire, Sussex, and Hertfordshire, are now printing in a style of elegance and embellishment which will give them additional value; and all under the superintendance of gentlemen, whose talents and love of antiquarian research aptly qualify them for the task.

The first part of this work commences with the ancient history of Britain, and much critical and antiquarian knowledge is displayed in the account of its primitive inhabitants.

The author is at some pains to refute the opinion of Mr. Whittaker, the historian of Manchester, that the Cymry and Gael were the same people. The precise time when this island received its first inhabitants cannot be ascertained, but our author thinks that it must have been peopled a few centuries after the flood, and that by a colony bearing the appellation of the Cymry, who have been considered as of the same stock with the Cimbri, Gomeræ, and Gomeritæ, of the continent, all derived from the same words, *cyn* and *bro*, still signifying, in the ancient British language, *those of the first race, or the primitive, or original people.*

As there is scarcely any portion of this work that would furnish an extract by which its merit could be appreciated, we shall not attempt it; only observing that it promises well: the author is evidently a man of extensive research, and intimately acquainted with the minutiae of Welsh history: his style is good, and the methodical arrangement appropriate. The typographical execution of the work is highly creditable to the provincial press, and the first specimen of the embellishment is a very spirited engraving of a view of Flint Castle. We heartily wish success to this work, and, from the goodly list of subscribers which already graces its wrapper, and the merits of the work itself, we do not think this doubtful.

Original Communications.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In a recent meeting at the Egyptian Hall, a celebrated Irish barrister is reported to have said, that ‘blasphemy was the only trade that prospered.’ The assertion, like many others in the same speech, was certainly a bold one, and one which the gentleman would have found some difficulty in establishing. If, however, the learned gentleman had substituted the word *law* for blasphemy, he would have been much nearer the truth. Of all the evils with which this country is afflicted, that of an excessive passion for law is the greatest. The sum paid annually in taxes is nothing to that which is spent in litigations. Go into our courts of justice, and you will often see sixty or seventy lawyers at a time; follow them home, and you will find that they are residing in the most fashionable parts of the town, and living in an expensive manner. Look at the lists of the two houses of parliament, and you will find lawyers predominate in the House of Commons; and, in the upper house, more peers who owed their origin to the law, than have been made from the army and navy united. If we pass down lower, we scarcely find a

street of any respectability without an attorney, not to mention the numbers that are congregated in the inns of court. In London alone, I am told, there are nearly three thousand certificated attorneys, and in the country they are numerous in proportion. In the Rolls of Parliament for the year 1445, there is a petition from two counties in England, stating that the number of attorneys had lately increased from sixteen to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. And it was prayed that it might be ordained, that there should only be six attorneys for the county of Norfolk; the same number for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich.

The profits of the law have also increased in proportion. We now frequently hear of gentlemen at the bar making ten or fifteen thousand pounds a-year by their practice; and a solicitor, in one single suit, (the trial of Warren Hastings,) is said to have gained no less than thirty-five thousand pounds. How different three centuries ago, when Roper, in his life of Sir Thomas More, informs us, that though he was an advocate of the greatest eminence, and in full business, yet he did not, by his profession, make above four hundred pounds per annum; there is, however, a common tradition on the other hand, that Sir Edward’s Coke’s gains, at the latter end of this century, equalled those of a modern attorney-general; and, by Lord Bacon’s works, it appears that he made 6000l. per annum whilst in this office. Brownlow’s profits, likewise, one of the prothonotaries during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were 6000l. per annum; and he used to close the profits of the year with *laus deo*. And when they happened to be extraordinary,—*maxima laus deo*.

There is no person, I believe, who is acquainted with the important duties of the judges, or the laborious nature of their office, will think that they are too amply remunerated; and it is not a little remarkable, that when law and lawyers have increased so prodigiously, that the number of the judges are still the same. Fortescue, in the dedication of his work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliae*, to Prince Edward, says that the judges were not accustomed to sit more than *three hours* in a day; that is, from eight o’clock in the morning until eleven. They passed the remainder of the day in studying the laws, and reading the Holy Scriptures.

While on the subject of the lawyers of former times, I shall add a few unconnected anecdotes, which will exhibit the difference between times past and present.

Carte supposes, that the great reason for the lawyers pushing in shoals to become members of Parliament, arose from their desire to receive the wages then paid them by their constituents. By an act of the 5th of Henry IV, lawyers were excluded from Parliament, not from a contempt of the common law itself, but the professors of it, who, at this time, being auditors to men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro consilio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. In Madox’s *Form. Anglican.* there is the form of a retainer during his life, of John de Thorp, as counsel to the Earl of Westmoreland; and it appears by the Household Book of Algernon, fifth Earl of Northumberland, that, in the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, there was, in that family, a regular establishment for two counsellors and their servants.

A proclamation, was issued on the 6th of November, in the twentieth year of the reign of James I, in which the voters for members of Parliament are directed, ‘not to choose

curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seeke reputation by stirring needless questions.'

A strong prejudice was at this time excited against lawyers. In Aleyn's *Henry VIII.*, (London, 1638,) we have the following philippic against them:—

'A prating lawyer, (one of those which cloud That honour'd science,) did their conduct take; He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd Thought it had been all gospel that he spake. At length, these fools their common error saw, A lawyer on their side, but not the law.'

Pride, the drayman, used to say, that it would never be well till the lawyers' gowns, like the Scottish colours, were hung up in Westminster Hall.

From Chaucer's character of the Temple Manciple, it would appear, that the great preferment which advocates in this time chiefly aspired to, was to become steward to some great man: he says,—

'Of masters he had mo than thryis ten,
That were of law expert and curious,
Of which there were a dozen in that house,
Worthy to ben stuards of house and londe,
Of any lord that is in Englonde.'

The first mention of a barrister being a knight, occurs in the third year of Henry the Sixth, when Sir Walter Beauchamp, as counsel, supported the claim of precedence of the Earl of Warwick, against the then Earl Marshal, at the bar of the House of Lords. Mr. Roger Hunt appeared in the same capacity for the Earl Marshal, and both advocates, in their exordium, made most humble protestations, entreating the lord against whom they were retained, not to take amiss what they should advance on the part of their own client.

Another point on which the lawyers of the present age differ from their ancestors, is in their prolixity. It was reserved for modern invention to make a trial for high treason last eight days, or to extend a speech to nine hours duration.

In France, advocates were formerly subjected to penalties for prolixity, as appears by an ordinance of Charles VII, of France, and by many to the same effect made by his successors*. The Roman advocates used to make a sort of agreement with the court, how long they might have liberty to speak in defence of their client, as appears by the following epigram of Martial:—

'Septem clepsydras magnâ tibi voce petenti
Arbiter invitus, Cœciliæ, dedit;
At tu multa diu dicis, vitreisque tepentem
Ampullis, potas semisupinus aquam.
Ut tandem saties vocemque sitiunque, rogamus,
Jam de clepsydrâ, Cœciliæ bibas.'—L. vi. ep. 35.

Which has been thus translated:—

'Seven glasses, Cœcilian, thou loudly didst crave,
Seven glasses the judge full reluctantly gave,
Still thou bawl'st and bawl'st on, and as ne'er to bawl off,
Tepid water in bumpers, supine thou dost quaff.
That thy voice and thy thirst at a time thou may'st slake,
We entreat from the glass of old Chronus thou take.'

This epigram of Martial explains a passage in Dio Cassius, which mentions the giving water enough to those who were engaged in law-suits: *Kai* *yaq* *tau* *dixazoperois* *idwq* *ixavov* *eveyxet*. L. lxxvi.

Formerly, hour-glasses were used in pulpits, and Bar-

rington, in his observations on the statutes, says, that in the court of session in Scotland, the lords then had hour-glasses before them.

Should you deem this letter worthy of a place in the *Literary Chronicle*, you will flatter and oblige,

Your's, &c. X.

LIABILITY OF PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Permit me to express my admiration of the able and impartial manner in which your journal occasionally touches upon subjects, which are too often treated by others with irascibility; and, although I cannot presume that the following brief suggestions upon the liberty of the press are perfectly correct, yet they may, perhaps, give occasion to some of your professedly legal correspondents to expound, more satisfactorily, the law upon this very interesting and highly important subject.

It appears to me, that an error has too long prevailed in the courts upon the liability of publishers, originating in the common law practice relative to slander in social life. In the absence of statute law to define slanderous culprits, it was uniformly held, that any person propagating slander, though not the inventor or malicious propagator, should be liable to punishment, and that excuses, as of ignorance, would only go in mitigation of punishment; but, when the legislature took this subject under their consideration, as far as affected public characters, and, by statute, defined who were the persons whom the law should henceforward consider as persons liable for offences of this description, against the government or the political agents of the state, I humbly presume the ancient practice and construction of the common law, at least as far as political operations are affected, should have ceased, and the acts of parliament alone should have been looked to for grounds upon which to found future judicial opinions.

The following excellent observations in the STAR of Monday last will further illustrate this subject.—Alluding to some recent prosecutions against newsvendors, the editor remarks,—‘In Germany, the censorship established over the press puts it in the power of the government to stifle every literary production which has not been previously subjected to the Procrustean process. In England the process is somewhat different: if any publication is found to be of an objectionable nature, (and, unhappily, we have many such,) the law makes the author, printer, and publisher responsible. The meaning of the statutes, when first framed, was conformable to the sense attached in common language to the terms employed. Every one knows the meaning of the terms “author” and “printer,” but the legal construction and procedure, which is proverbial for fictions, has so tampered and played with the word “publisher,” that it will require the entire energies of the friends of “justice,” (a term sometimes of a very different import from that of “law,”) to bring the word “publisher” back to its original sense.

In the common acceptance of this term, it means the person whose name is attached to the work, as publisher; but, according to the construction contended for by the enemies of the press, it means any person who, having bought the work from the publisher, afterwards resells or circulates it;—in a word, any third, fourth, or hundredth vender of the publication. The idea is abomi-

* See Ord. Royales, Paris, 1552.

nable; and the object aimed at is detestable. How should it be thought possible that the common venders of newspapers, after buying them from the publisher, should be able to read them over, before selling them to their customers; or, if they could find time to read them, (and could all of them read,) that they should be judges of what is or is not libellous or blasphemous.

' If the law can reach the *real* publisher—and the late trials have shewn that it can—why should it be strained to entangle in its toils the ignorant retailers? The intention, we think, cannot be mistaken, but we are not without hopes, that the public voice will be found sufficiently energetic to turn the laws into their proper channel, and prevent them from overspreading their banks, to sweep away unwary and innocent victims.'

Nov. 15, 1819.

I am, sir, &c.

D. G.

ON EARTHQUAKES.

THE last accounts from India bring details of one of those dreadful convulsions of nature, which, more than all others, impress the mind with horror; as it leaves no certain remedy—no refuge to the terrified inhabitants who may have witnessed or been in the immediate neighbourhood where an earthquake has taken place. There is scarcely any country upon this globe, whether continent or island, that has not, some time or other, felt the shock of an earthquake. Even the sea is affected by them; and the histories of all times record an immense series of earthquakes which has hardly left a month, or perhaps a week, unmarked by their devastations in the annals of the world. Yet, frequent as earthquakes have been, we know nothing certain respecting the causes by which they are produced; neither are we acquainted with any certain indications of their being about to take place, nor with any mode of averting them. Of all the writers who have treated on the theory of earthquakes, Dr. Stukeley is the most able and ingenious. Considering all circumstances, he says, he had always thought that an earthquake was an electrical shock, of the same nature with those which are now become familiar in electrical experiments. And this hypothesis, he thought, was confirmed by the phenomena preceding and attending earthquakes, particularly those which happened in London and other parts of this kingdom. The weather, for five or six months before the first of these earthquakes, had been dry and warm to an extraordinary degree, the wind generally south and south-west, and that without rain, so that the earth must have been in a state of electricity, ready for that particular vibration in which electrification consists. On this account, he observes, the northern regions of the world are but little subject to earthquakes, in comparison to the southern, where the warmth and dryness of the air, so necessary to electricity, are common. In these previous circumstances of the state of the earth and air, nothing is wanting to produce the wonderful effect of an earthquake, but the touch of some non-electric body, which must necessarily be had *ab extra*, from the region of the air or atmosphere. Hence he infers, that if a non-electric cloud discharges its contents upon any part of the earth in that highly electrical state, an earthquake must necessarily ensue. In what manner the earth and atmosphere are put into that electrical and vibratory state, which prepares them to give or receive that shock which we call an earthquake, and whence it

is that this electric matter comes, Dr. Stukeley does not pretend to say, but thinks it as difficult to account for, as magnetism, gravitation, muscular motion, and many other secrets in nature. The similarity between the effects of electricity and some of the phenomena that attend earthquakes has struck many persons, but, when one examines the particulars a little beyond the bare similarity of certain phenomena, there appears to be very little reason for concluding that electricity is the cause of earthquakes. The Chevalier Vivenzio, in his account of the earthquakes at Calabria, in 1783, expresses his perfect conviction of their being electrical phenomena; but his hypothesis of the accumulation of electric fluid, under certain strata of non-conducting matter, and of the force which it must exert against those stratas, is too vague to demand any particular examination. Whoever is acquainted with the practical part of electricity, must know how difficult it is to confine the electric fluid, especially when it is much condensed or in large quantities. The best possible insulation, formed by the interposition of dry glass and resins, will hardly prevent the dissipation of that subtle fluid, which will endeavour to fly off into the air, or to any other body which may happen to be within its reach. How difficult then it is to conceive that an immense quantity of that fluid (for, surely, immense must that quantity be which can produce an earthquake) can be accumulated in any part of the earth, without its immediately rushing to the other parts of it; or, in short, that it may be accumulated at all in any part of it more than another. It is undoubtedly true that the earth contains various non-conducting bodies; but the manner in which they are found to exist is such as to prevent the possibility of forming a perfect non-conducting stratum of any considerable extent; for they either exist in separate pieces, or they are intermixed with water and a variety of other bodies, so that the whole compound is far from being a non-conductor of electricity.

In the atmosphere or in the clouds, as far as we know, no very extraordinary quantity of electricity can be accumulated, beyond what may constitute a thunderstorm; for, although the *aurora borealis*, shooting stars, as they are commonly called, and other meteors, have been supposed to be electrical phenomena, yet there is no certain evidence of their being actually so.

Such, in fact, are some of the observations which may be advanced respecting the supposed accumulation of electric fluid, either within the earth or in the atmosphere.

Various preservations against the effects of earthquakes have been suggested. The Chevalier Vivenzio, already alluded to, proposed to fix metallic rods in the ground, as deep as it may be practicable, through which the electric fluid might pass from the earth into the atmosphere, and *vice versa*. Others have suggested, and the idea has been acted upon, that deep wells, by giving vent to the effluvia, whatever it be, that produces earthquakes, will guard cities, buildings, &c. against their effects, or, rather, that they will prevent the shocks of an earthquake. In the city of Naples, there is a pyramid erected before a church, dedicated to St. Januarius, under which, Celano says, there is a deep well, which has several openings at the base, expressly for the purpose of saving it from the effects of an earthquake. Toaldo, the distinguished astronomer, says, that the city of Udine, capital of the Friuli, has four deep wells, which, tradition says, were made at a

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time when earthquakes were frequent in that province, and that the expedient has had the desired effect. The ancient city of Nala, in the kingdom of Naples, was never known to have been damaged by earthquakes; and the city contains, within and without its boundaries, a great number of wells. How far these facts may be relied on, or what they may prove, we know not, but whenever an earthquake does occur, we trust the improved state of science will prompt every investigation into the circumstances, to ascertain, if possible, the theory of those terrific convulsions of nature.

EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.

The *Bombay Gazette* of July last, contains accounts of an earthquake which has visited that part of the world. The following are extracts:—

'Camp Bhooj, June 19.—At seven o'clock, on the evening of the 16th of June, an earthquake destroyed the whole district and country of Kutch. Accounts that have been received mention, that, from Luckput Bunder to Butchao, the whole of the towns and villages are more or less in ruins. The towns of Mandavie, Moondria, and Anjar, have suffered extensively and severely; but the city of Bhooj, and the fort of Bhoojia, between which our force is encamped, are reduced, the former to ruins, and the latter so breached, as to be useless as a fortification. This, however, is the least part of the evil: at the moment of the crash, it is apprehended, and I fear not any way exaggerated, that 2000 of the inhabitants were buried in the mass.'

'Even now the effects of this horrible visitation are felt, though three days since the first shock, in constant and hourly vibrations of the earth. The inhabitants have been obliged to forsake what were once their halls, and encamp outside, upon some small hills. Their distress cannot be well described—bruised, maimed, and agitated with fear, they go daily into the city to work upon their several houses, and try to extricate the mangled remains of wives, children, and relations, whilst, in their pious labour, the putrid stench nearly exhausts them; and cattle, which have fallen in numbers, add greatly to the noisome evil. The walls, from the sandy nature of the stone, are crumbled in a mass, and the narrow streets of Bhooj entirely lost, thus adding to the difficulties of the sufferers.'

'The upper stones of the palace fell, and buried, amongst others, the mother of the deposed Rao; what houses stand are so shattered, as to be liable to fall in the ruins, and the very complete wreck of the wall on the southern side, as well as the demolition of nearly all the towers and gateways, render it impossible for Bhooj to be a city again.'

'The loss of lives cannot be confined to the city. I fear, in all the towns and villages mortality has been great. I am inclined to think, from the circumstance of a volcano having opened on a hill, thirty miles from Bhooj, that the country will experience a repetition of the evil.'

'From our camp being in a plain, no very material damage has been sustained; the tiles of a few temporarily erected houses were knocked off, and the walls shattered.'

'I shall attempt to give you the sensation felt by those both in camp and city. In the latter, I was informed by a gentleman, who nearly suffered by a house falling over him, that, riding on, without an idea of what was to happen, upon the first notice, a heavy appalling deadened noise, the motion of the earth, walls of the houses on each side of the street, tottering and falling outwards, impressed upon him an idea, and he called out, that a mine was sprung; whereas, another gentleman imagined, the bank of the tank was forced by the water; these ideas were accompanied with an unpleasant giddiness of the head, and sickness of the stomach, from the heaving of the ground:—

— 'In one wild roar expired!
The shatter'd town, the wall thrown down,

The waves a moment backward bent;
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake passed!'

Byron's *Siege of Corinth*.

'In camp similar sickness and giddiness was experienced; and in ignorance, until the shock was over, which lasted a minute, of the nature of the noise below the earth, some sat down instinctively, others threw themselves down. One was paying work-people in a circle, and, upon seeing him squat, the whole followed the example, and sat round him,—the very picture of despair.' The sensation I felt was a giddiness and horror, at perceiving a small hillock, close to which I was riding, a short distance from the camp, completely agitated, and, at the same time, my horse plunged, from the grounds moving. This was the case also with an officer I was riding with. I have, on inquiry, ascertained that, many years ago, and in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants, an undulating motion has been felt before in Kutch, but never, I hope, will again be attended with such a horrible catastrophe; the distress of which has been so great upon the inhabitants, that I confess I fall short of ability to describe it.'

A letter from a respectable native, dated June 18, from Isoria, gives the following additional particulars:—

'Yesterday, the 9th of Jestr. Vud, (the 16th of June,) in the evening, a noise issued from the earth, like the beating of the Nobut, and occasioned the trembling of all the people. It appeared most wonderful, and deprived us all of our senses, so that we could not see—every thing appearing dark before us; a dizziness came upon many people, so that they fell down. The walls of the fort of Isoria, in many places, were completely overturned, and the guns fell from the bastions; the inhabitants ran home to their houses, many of which fell down. For one hour this remained; the buildings of the town soon fell, and the others appeared as if falling; the walls of the fort that remained after the first shock, appeared in a ruined state. For an hour and a half the inhabitants did not know each other; after that time all was hushed and still, and we then returned to our houses. At night, a trembling seized our bodies; and, on Wednesday morning, some horsemen who arrived, came to me and reported, that in the fields the earth opened and threw up water; to see which I went there, and such was the case; water came up from the earth in many places, and it appeared like the rushing of water when drawn from a well; I remained all night in the fields, and in three or four places the earth had given way, and sunk one hundred feet in depth, which space was filled with water. Many of the wells, which had before this plenty of water, were left empty, and many pools that formerly were dry were now filled with water. The like of this was never heard or seen before.'

EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

In our review of Wentworth's *History of New South Wales**, we quoted his strong recommendations of that colony as the most suitable for emigration; and, although the very imperfect account which he gave of the state of the colony did not appear to us to warrant all the praise he bestowed on it; yet, from the best information that has since been received concerning the progress of the settlements in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, it would almost seem desirable that Government, instead of aiding emigrations to the unsettled parts of the Cape of Good Hope, should divert them to these colonies, already established at so considerable an expense; that they should rather encourage our overflowing population to adventure in an established community, where their fellow-countrymen are already experienced in the climate and soil, and

* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 9.

in the peculiar cultivation adapted to them, and where the natives, too, are harmless, than subject them to the difficulties of first operations in a new country, exposed on either side to inroads from the Caffres and Bosjesmans; where they will be viewed with jealousy by all their neighbours, and be governed by laws (the Anglo-Dutch) uncongenial to their habits.

It is certainly most desirable that those, who, from whatever causes, are anxious to expatriate, should, under all probabilities, adventure to the most eligible situations; and looking to what has already been accomplished in the territory we are speaking of, and to the results which may rationally be expected from the capabilities known to exist there, and in despite of the distaste that may, in some minds, attach to a society which has originated from the outcasts of the mother-country, we are inclined to view them *prima facie* as among the most eligible asylums that can be offered.

The colony of New South Wales is rapidly improving; and the enterprising exertions which are continually making to explore that extensive country, develope its riches and resources. It is generally known that a passage has been effected across the Blue Mountains, and that a most desirable country has been discovered to the west of those towering heights; a communication has since been opened to it of easy access, running through lands of the first description. The colonists are indebted for this accession to their resources to the exertions of C. Throsby, Esq. a large land and stockholder, many years resident in New South Wales, who, after two preceding attempts, succeeded, in May last, with the assistance of two native guides, Coockoogonn, Chief of the Burrahburrah Tribe, and Dual, in passing from the Cow Pastures direct for Bathurst, having encountered only those difficulties inseparably attendant on the first explorers of the forests of a new country.

Mr. Throsby was, on the whole, occupied fifteen days on the expedition, his progress being protracted from some of his party falling ill, and bad weather; but, by the delay, he had greater opportunity of examining the country on each side of his route. In describing it, he says, 'I have no hesitation in stating, we have a country fit for every and any purpose, where fine-woollen sheep may be increased to any amount, in a climate peculiarly congenial to them. Ere long, you will hear of a route being continued to the southward, as far as Twofold Bay, and so on further in succession through a country as much more beautiful and superior to the Cow Pastures, as that now enviable district is to the land contiguous to Sydney, and where our herds, our flocks, and our cultivation, may unlimitedly increase, at an inconsiderable distance from the great and grand essential to a young colony, water-carriage.' He further represents the country between the Cow Pastures and Bathurst as rich, fertile, and luxuriant; abounding with fine runs of water, and all the happy varieties of soil, hill, and valley, to render it not only delightful to the view, but highly suitable to all the purposes of pasturage and agriculture.

The importance of these discoveries is enhanced by the consideration that a continuous range of valuable country, extending from the Cow Pastures to the remote plains of Bathurst, is now fully ascertained, connecting those countries with the present settlements on this side the Nepean.

The progress of our settlements in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land has been so rapid, that they now

possess, of their own growth, all the necessities of life, and are even enabled to make exportation of a surplus produce. They have lately sent horses to Batavia, cattle and salted meat to the Isle of France, and flour to the Cape of Good Hope, to assist in meeting the distresses the inhabitants of that territory have lately experienced for the want of grain. Nor do these colonies less contribute to the wants of the mother country, which they supply with sperm, black oil, seal-skins of a superior description, and wools of a quality vying with the best Saxon and Spanish. The exertions of the colonists have hitherto been much retarded by the duties imposed on their exports, but there is reason to hope these impediments will be removed, as a petition for that purpose, signed by the principal colonists, has been transmitted to the Legislature, by the Governor. We are now enabled to annex an abstract of the last public muster, concluded in the different settlements in November last, when the following results were ascertained:—

Total of the population of the territory, 25,050 souls, being an increase, in one year, of nearly 5000 inhabitants.

Acres of wheat in cultivation	20,100
Ditto of ground ready for maize	8,400
Ditto of barley, oats, peas, and beans in cultivation	1,990
Ditto of potatoes	730
Ditto of gardens and orchards	990
Ditto of cleared ground	49,600
Total quantity of acres held by individuals	290,600

Live Stock.

Total number of horned cattle in the territory	55,450
Ditto of sheep	201,240
Ditto of swine	22,630
Ditto of horses	3,600

The settlers are supplying the Government stores with fresh beef, and mutton, and pork, at 6d. per pound. The average market price of wheat, in May and June last, was 8s. 6d. per bushel; and other necessities of life equally reasonable.

As a criterion of the luxuries enjoyed by the inhabitants in fruit, one garden, belonging to a gentleman a few miles from Sydney, contains the following extensive variety, and which are generally dispersed over the whole of New South Wales:—viz. oranges, citrons, lemons, pomegranates, loquats, guavas, the olive, grapes of every species, pineapples, peaches, nectarines, apricots, apples, pears, plums, figs; English, Cape, and China mulberries; walnuts, Spanish chesnuts, almonds, medlars, raspberries, strawberries, melons, quinces, and the caper, with others of minor value; and such is the abundance of peaches, that the swine of the settlers are fed with them. In Van Dieman's Land, the currant and gooseberry are particularly fine.

It has at last been ascertained the colonists can furnish their mills with stones from their own soil, for which they have hitherto been compelled to resort to French burrs; but J. Blaxland, Esq. gives notice in the last *Gazette*, that his mill grinds wheat with stones of colonial produce, at 1s. per bushel. The steam-engine erected, at Sydney, by Mr. Dixon, has proved of much service.

The Governor has again permitted the inhabitants to indulge themselves with annual races, for which purpose there is a most capital race-course adjoining Sydney; and, on the 4th of June, a silver cup, a silver bowl, cover, and ladle, were spiritedly contested for.

As a singular proof of the intercourse already existing with Otaheite and New Zealand, we see the following in-

habitants of these fine islands giving notice in a *Gazette* of May last, of their departure from Port Jackson as sailors in colonial vessels, viz. *Roni, Pautu, Popoti, Tiapoa, Moai, Topa, Fiew, Aiyong, Howhoe*; and similar notices frequently occur.

A new schooner, of 40 tons, built in the Crown Dock-yard, at Sydney, by command of the Prince Regent, as a present to the King of the Sandwich Islands, was launched in April, and was to be dispatched immediately, properly equipped.

At an annual examination of the public schools at Paramatta, a black native girl, belonging to the Orphan School, founded by Mrs. King, bore away the second prize; thus, proving the aborigines are susceptible of sufficient mental improvement to adapt them to the purposes of civilized association.

The inhabitants of New South Wales were accommodated with a newspaper within a few years of its establishment; and we see announced in one of its last numbers, that a literary periodical publication was to make its first appearance the first of last month, under the title of *The Australasian Magazine and Quarterly Register of Agricultural and Commercial Information, the Fine Arts, &c.*

The report of the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat last Session, in review of the state of our settlements in this part of the world, is daily expected to appear, and we look for some further information that may cause us again to return to the subject. We understand it was represented to the Members of that Committee, by a gentleman of many years' experience in these colonies, that a vessel of 460 tons could be chartered to take out 50 families, consisting, on an average, of a man, his wife, and two children, at the small expence of 100*l.* each family, including their provisions on the passage, and allowing them sufficient tonnage for their baggage and stores. Settlers, on arrival in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, have a grant of land allotted them proportionate to their powers of making proper use of it, with a certain number of labourers, who, with their families, are victualled from the public stores for six months.

In the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons on Gaols, just published, Mr. Riley, a resident for fourteen years in New South Wales, states, 'that if a vessel entirely filled with useful agricultural servants, of good character, was sent to New South Wales, the cultivators and stockholders there would immediately receive them, and engage to pay the expense of their passage. These men could be sent at £30 per head; I am persuaded they would, on landing, be engaged at £20 per annum, exclusive of their board, and that their masters would become responsible to pay to government the amount of their passage at £10 per annum, which would leave the same sum to the servant until three years were expired, where he would have the full benefit of his wages.'

THE NEWSPAPER.

———— messenger of grief,
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.
What is it but a map of life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.'

Of all the various sources of intelligence calculated to win the attention of mankind, there is not a better than 'The Newspaper.' In its diversified pages, persons of every rank, denomination, and pursuit, can be informed.

The philosopher, the politician, the citizen, the mechanic, and the gossip, are regaled by the novelty of its contents, the minuteness of its detail, and the refreshing arrivals of transactions which occupy the attention of human beings at the greatest or nearest distances from us. A newspaper may (without presumption, I hope) be compared to the planetary system; the light which it diffuses round the mental hemisphere operates according as it is seen, felt, understood, or enjoyed. The miser is gladdened by an account of the rise of the stocks; the mariner for the safety of his vessel during the thunder-storm; the manufacturer to hear of the revival of the foreign markets; the merchant that his cargo is arrived; the member that his election is secured; the father that his son is willing to return home; the poet that his production has been favourably received by the public; the physician that a difficult cure is transmitting his fame to posterity; the actor that his talents are duly appreciated; the agriculturist that grain fetches a good price; the upright man that his character is defended; the poor man that beer, meat, bread, and vegetables, are so within his reach that he may have a good Sunday's dinner.

A newspaper may be compared to the seasons. Its information varies on the roll of Time, and much of it passes away as a winter, giving many a bitter pang of the death of a relative or hopeful lover; it is as a spring, for, in the time of war and civil commotion, its luminary, the editor, like the morning sun, leads Hope forward to milder days and happier prospects, the smiles of peace;—it is the heart's summer calendar, giving news of marriages and births for heirs and patrons; it is the autumn of joy, giving accounts of plenty and guarding the avaricious against the snares of self-love, and offering arguments in favour of humanity. It is more; a newspaper is one of the most faithful lessons that can be represented to our reflections, for, while it is the interpreter of the general economy of nature, it is a most kind and able instructress to improve ourselves. What are our lives but as the ephemeral appearance of an advertisement? Our actions but as the actions of a popular contest? Our hopes, fears, exultations, but as the cross readings of diurnal events? And although grief is felt at the perusal of accidents, offences, and crimes, which are necessarily and judiciously given, there is in every good newspaper an impartial record, an abstract of the times, a vast fund of useful knowledge; and, finally, no person has reason, after perusing it, to rise without being thankful so useful a medium is offered to his understanding; at least, this the opinion of

J. R. P.

THE FRIEND OF HUMAN KIND.

BENEVOLUS is now in the decline of life, and, although he cannot be said to be completely free from the imperfections which are humanity's inseparable attendants, he is considered, by the extensive circle of his acquaintance, on account of his upright life, the benignity of his disposition and his urbane manners, as possessing, in an eminent degree, every quality that can exalt and dignify human nature. Qualities the most opposite, in him are happily blended; with the polish of the accomplished courtier, he unites the simplicity of the artless plebeian; his justice, though rigid, is unattended with stoic calosity; piety finds in him a votary devoid of bigotry and forbidding moroseness. This is a correct outline of Benevolus's character, to fill up which, cannot be done to the desired ex-

tent; a few traits, however, will be given, which will, no doubt, convey to the reader a favourable opinion of our hero. Benevolus, called early in life from his native place to the West Indies, found himself in a country differing as much from his own in its manners and customs as in its climate and productions. He could not, for a considerable time, prevail on himself to remain in those regions where Afric's unoffending sons toil without remuneration, sigh unregarded, and die under the tortures of the pondrous scourge. Ardently desiring to ameliorate the condition of the sable race, he combated and eventually overcame his dislike to the West Indies. With the view of effecting this humane purpose, he determined to treat the slaves placed under his care with all the kindness and forbearance their unfortunate condition was susceptible of; but, at the same time, to maintain the strictest discipline among them. His orders and commands were few and easy to be performed, but were rendered fully efficient by the rigid and impartial manner in which they were enforced. He required nothing that militated against reason or humanity, and it was the interest as well as the duty of every individual to comply with his requisitions. By pursuing this mild and conciliating course, he effected infinitely more than the planters* who ruled their domestics with the rod of iron. This conduct was both pleasing and profitable to his employer, then in England, who did not fail to use his influence in behalf of his faithful agent. Benevolus, by his own industry and the assistance of his friend, soon became opulent. Order and regularity presided over his estate; his servants obeyed his commands more out of respect for their master than from the dread of punishment. He bore to them rather the relation of a kind father than that of an unrelenting master, a character by no means rare among the West India planters. During his stay in the West Indies, it was his happiness and highest ambition to make his dependants happy, and to induce his neighbours, by his precepts as well as his example, to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate Africans, and he had the satisfaction to find that his endeavours were not altogether abortive. His example was followed by the most prudent and considerate planters, who have experienced that the system of which he is the founder, is fraught with incalculable advantages. Having returned to his native country, he continues to evince all that humanity, for which he was so remarkable beyond the Atlantic. His daily employment is to visit prisons, to smooth the pillow of the afflicted, to relieve the necessitous, and to be 'loco parentis' to the fatherless and the orphan. Benevolus, notwithstanding his admiration of 'the bard of Avon' and four other dramatic writers, derives much more pleasure from being instrumental in mitigating human woe, where it really exists, than in seeing it represented, however perfect that representation may be. He prefers the smiles of an approving conscience, with which he is favoured when engaged in lessening the sum of human misery, to all the boisterous laughter elicited by the comic muse. Ye sons of affluence, if you have hitherto been regardless of all but yourselves, let Benevolus's conduct stimulate you to exertion in behalf of your suffering fellow-creatures, and be persuaded that the inconveniences which necessarily attend the prosecution of this most laudable object will be more than compensated by the pleasing consciousness of having done your duty.

JUVENIS.

* The farmers of the country.

HINDOO WASHERMEN.

FORMERLY, the Hindoo washerman did not use soap, and the common clothes of the natives he washes without this article. He makes a wash with the urine of cows, or the ashes of the plantain tree, or of the argemone mexicana. He does not rub the cloth between his hands, like the English washerwoman, but, after it has been steeped in the wash, and boiled, he beats the cloth on a board, which is generally placed by the side of a pool, and dips the cloth in the water as he beats it. This method is very hurtful to European clothes, but it is very difficult to persuade the natives to adopt the English method. The Hindoo washermen know nothing of ironing, clear starching, or calendering; they beat the clothes of the natives, after they are washed and dried, with a wooden mallet. It is the work of the men to wash the clothes, but the wives sometimes assist their husbands.

RIFLEMEN.

THE talent of marksmen appears to have been held in considerable estimation, from the most remote ages of antiquity, and to have rendered its possessors, although rude or unwarlike, formidable enemies, and superior to the boldest efforts of personal prowess. Little David, the Israelitish shepherd boy, proved himself an overmatch for the gigantic champion of the Philistine host; his dexterity, as a slinger, rescued his country from impending thraldom, and raised himself to the regal authority. By the same uncouth means of missile vengeance, many people, of a mere rural character, maintained their independence against the attacks of regular armies, or became useful auxiliaries to them. Achilles, the overthrower of armies, became a sacrifice to the unerring aim of the coward Paris, and our English hero, Richard Cœur de Lion, unsuspectingly fell beneath the shaft of an obscure archer.

The annihilation of the Roman army under Crassus, by the Parthians, at the battle of Carrhæ, was owing to the expertness of the Parthians, as marksmen, aided by a superior knowledge of the ground on which they fought; and never did the Romans sustain so signal a defeat, as this from the luxurious Asiatics, whom they were accustomed to despise. The battle of Carrhæ may be considered as an epoch in the art of war; inasmuch as it proved, that however resistless the career of victory must be, in the hands of an army of superior force and conduct, over its adversaries in close fight, yet that, by the distant annoyance, and secret and partial attacks of men accustomed to the use of missile weapons, although less warlike, they may be so hemmed in, harassed, and reduced, as to be finally overpowered. Froissart relates that the Romans distributed slingers in their armies, procuring their most expert marksmen from the Belearic Islands, (Majorca and Minorca.) Diodorus Siculus relates, that in besieging a town, these slingers wounded and drove the garrison from the walls, throwing with such exactness as rarely to miss their mark; this dexterity they acquired by constant exercise, being trained to it from their infancy; their mothers placed their daily food upon the top of a pole, and gave them no more than they beat down with stones, from their slings. In later times, the peasants of Brittany, taking part with the English in a battle fought in that province, between some English troops and the army of

Louis D'Espagne, effected the overthrow of the latter, by assaulting them unexpectedly with bullets and slings.

Lieut. Col. M'Lerath, late of the 95th, or rifle regiment, relates the following anecdotes of the skill of sharp shooters, and the inefficacy of ordinary musketeers.

In an action of some importance, a mounted officer of the enemy was on the point of being made prisoner; one only way presented itself, by which he had a chance of escaping; this was along the front of our line, within musket range; he embraced this alternative; and, although the whole brigade fired at him, both man and horse escaped with impunity.

Another fact, from the same authority, is equally curious.

In order to cover themselves as much as possible from the enemy's aim, at the siege of York town, our soldiers had each three bags of sand, to lay on the parapet; two of these were placed with their ends at a little distance from each other, and the third crossed over the interval, leaving a small loop-hole for the soldiers to fire through: the American riflemen, however, were so expert, that on seeing a piece protruded through the hole, they levelled towards it, and penetrating the opening, frequently shot his men through the head.

Original Poetry.

EPIGRAM ON A LATE TRIAL.
Revile the Scriptures! 'tis too bad:
Jurors, this man is, doubtless, mad,—
Judge ye by what he saith.
But more in proof, he thinks to see,
What ne'er was yet, nor e'er can be,
An ABBOT without *faith*.

MENIPPUS.

TO —, ON HER RECENT RETURN FROM THE CONTINENT.

WELCOME again, sweet lady, to
The island that gave thee birth!
Hail to the breeze that lightly blew
Thy shallop from earth to earth!
How long the sun has shone on thee,
Since last, lady, thou wert here:
And, methinks, he's ta'en a liberty
That may cause thee many a tear.
Thy face, you know, was once quite fair—
(Its beauty I ne'er shall forget!)
But since bright Sol has revell'd there,
Thou'rt changed to a bonny brunette!
But what of this?—thou still art true
To the friendship we've long profess'd;
And 'tis that alone can subdue
The monarch who governs my breast!

WILFORD.

SONG.

The Maid of Woburn Vale.

WITH silvery smile the pale-faced moon
Has Eve's grey mantle banished,
And from her sun-like beaming noon,
The sable clouds have vanished;
And now with heart elate by glee,
I'll trip across the dale,
To bask in rays illumined by thee,
Sweet Maid of Woburn Vale.

Soon as I reach the much-loved spot,
Where oft our vows we've plighted,
I'll bless again that peaceful lot,
Which yet no storm has blighted:
What?—though the great may frown on me,

Or envious fools may rail,
I care for none—no joy—but thee,
Sweet Maid of Woburn Vale.

And when the parting minute comes,
How sweet those valued kisses,
Which bear us to our distant homes,
Where dreams renew our blisses;
When eve grows grey again, thou'l see,
Again I'll cross the dale,
Till blest—no more to part from thee,
Sweet Maid of Woburn Vale.

L.

EXTEMPORE

*Answer of Mirtillo, to the Soliloquy of Amarillis**,
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE FAIR POETESS.

DEAR Amarillis, why do you complain,
Knowing Mirtillo is a faithful swain?
Hours, days, months, years, sure cannot give you pain,
Knowing Mirtillo is a faithful swain.
Sweet maid, I thank thee for thy plighted vows,
Imparting bliss the lover only knows;
Love's closest ties our mutual hearts retain,
And thus your dewy tears are spent in vain.
I would compare my absence to a cloud
Which does, at times, the glorious sun o'ershroud—
Passes on trav'ller-like—unveils the fire—
Now bursts the blaze, which eagles' eyes admire!
For, tho', on thee I cast a heedless frown,
Yet, on thy head, I call each blessing down!
Cease then your murmur—cease your angry strife,
And let the spark of death re-kindle into life!

Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1819.

..T.

WOMAN.

Respectfully addressed to Female Reformers, and others whom it may concern.

'Ut amoris amabilis esto.'—OVID.

— 'multa habuit quæ Sexus habere
Fortior optarit, et obilitasque virum.'—AUSON.

NATURE's author, blest woman! the garden reviewing,
Where slept, all unconscious, the father of man,
Saw the void, and love's tenderest dictates pursuing,
Smil'd in pity, and straightway enlarged his plan.
To heighten the bliss earth's new creature attending,
In his fatherly mercy, to man he sent thee;
Whom, waking in wonder, thy form o'er him bending,
Our first parent turned in transport to see.

Still, woman! we view thee with lover-like feeling,
As we gaze, we adore the bright beam of thine eye,
Whose quick glances would dart kindred love past revealing,
Or with thee bid us share soothing sympathy's sigh.

We with ecstasy own thy fond influence endearing,
The calm clear rays of sunshine, whose glow else might fail;

Heaven's bounty we prize, while his goodness revering,
We would bless the full favour that brightens our vale.

Yet there is the employ and the sphere set apart,
In which nature, unerring, would prompt thee to move;
Whilst additional lustre to woman impart,
Cares domestic and matron-like labours of love.

* See *Literary Chronicle*, p. 413.

*There are, who can burst, with a stride all gigantic,
Those nobler distinctions by nature design'd;
Goaded on by the furies, with gesture so frantic,
To sense, order, affection, and decency blind.*

*Oh! pause, nor cast off that your native retiring,
Your sex's chief merit, ye fair ones! so soon;
Nor list to the dæmon, foul faction inspiring,
Who would turn to a bane heaven's bounteous boon.*

*Shun thou the rude throng, 'tis with thee ill befitting;
Yield to man the stern duties his nature would claim;
Dove-like meekness for aye, on thy soft brow be sitting,—
Thus woo manhood to bliss, and rear childhood to fame.*

M. T. Nov. 8, 1819. E. W.

Fine Arts.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

MICHAEL ANGELO was the very master of boldness of expression. He abolished the meagre shapes and skeleton forms of the Gothic school, which better resembled the ugly hieroglyphical figures of Egypt, than the beautiful symmetry of natural perfection. He opened to the world a new scene—a scene of majesty, of boldness, and of power, and which was strikingly opposed to the wretched poverty of the dark ages of Gothic barbarism. This was a bold design; it was a grand revolution in painting; and how well did Buonarotti succeed in it! He cared little for the prejudices excited in favour of the established poverty of the old school, and executed his momentous task with an independence of mind—a firmness of principle,—and a powerful talent, which raised him to signal greatness. His figures display a strong, yet firm, action of the muscular powers. They all seem capable of their respective enterprizes, no matter how sublime—how extraordinary—how superhuman—how inhuman. And yet there is no unnatural display of sudden and violent emotion, but an uninterrupted course of innate powers, equal to the performance which the object has in view. Does one of his figures love? it is with the thrilling love of an Adonis. Does another hate? it is with the hate of the Furies. Does another pray? it is with the fervent piety of a saint. Does another inflict the cruel stroke of death? it is with the arm—the countenance—and the step of an undismayed assassin. He displayed, with a most powerful force, the sublime,—the terrible,—and the grand. Every limb,—every muscle,—every joint glowed with fervid anatomical fire, and original majesty of power.

But it must be admitted that great extremes are dangerous,—a maxim which may be very properly applied to the works of this great master. For, in aiming at the very excess of sublimity and grandeur, he surpassed two objects, which the painter should ever have in his view—nature and beauty.

His defenders argue, that, for the purpose of establishing, on a solid basis, that great revolution which Angelo effected in the school of painting, a very wide extreme was necessary, lest, (the difference in the new style being but trivial,) his followers should have degenerated into the flagrant absurdities and gross errors of the old system.

Some of his accusers, on the other hand, contend that it was wrong to resort to the least extreme, and that if he had not so done, his success would have been marked by a more sober alteration and improvement.

I agree not with either of these views of the question. I allow that a moderate extreme was proper and necessary. For what would a slow progression have done towards the grand design of abolishing the errors of the old school? It would have done but little. Of this Buonarotti was sensible, and, therefore, he adopted a very turgid style, directly opposed to the poverty of the Gothic outline.

But his style was much too turgid; for what say we to the brawny arm of a Judith,—the masculine leg of a Venus,—or the knotty brow of a fair lady? We say that he preferred power to comeliness,—strength to beauty,—majesty to softness,—a heart of steel to a form of loveliness. We say, that in purging the female form from the wretched meanness of the Gothic originals, he deprived it of those endearing charms which constitute the enjoyment,—the solace,—and the ornament of society.

His figures frequently want elegance in their actions and positions. His outline had not the purity,—the grace,—the sweetness,—the simplicity,—the nature,—and the softness of Raffaele. His delineations are too often rashly bold. The adventurous flights of his romantic imagination carried his ideas of majesty too far for human objects. His profound knowledge of anatomy caused him to give too great a swell and force to the muscular parts.

Michæl Angelo was born about the year 1474, in the territory of Arezzo, and became, at the youthful age of fourteen, a pupil of Dominico Ghirlandaio. He was afterwards taken into the service of Lorenzo de Medici, who, confiding in those splendid talents which Angelo displayed at an early age, employed him in the honourable task of founding an academy at Florence, for the purpose of instruction in the arts of painting and sculpture. In consequence of the death of his noble patron, added to the disturbances at Florence, he was under the necessity of quitting that city; but, after a short absence, returned to it, and executed the far famed figure of *David with his Sling*, out of a block of marble. This figure is said to have been his master-piece,

He died in the year 1564, at Rome, aged ninety, and was there interred at the expense of Cosmo, the grand duke of Tuscany. But his remains were afterwards conveyed secretly to Florence, and were there deposited, with all the magnificent pomp of funeral honours. A splendid monument was also erected there, to the memory of this illustrious painter. The three figures of architecture, painting, and sculpture, served to embellish the monument, and to point to the path of glory, over which this great man trod.

History was the grand subject of his pencil.

His works are principally to be found at Rome, Capella Sistina, Capella Paulina, Giovanni Laterano, Florence, the Palace. Few of his works are to be met with in England.

* * * T.

Mr. WEST.—With much regret we state our apprehension, that the infirm health of the venerable and worthy president of the Royal Academy will prevent his taking the chair, as usual, upon the ensuing distribution of prize medals, to the fortunate students at that institution.—It is a matter of surprize, that at the advanced age of eighty-four, he should have been hitherto able so successfully and zealously to continue that intense labour and study for which he is distinguished.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The return of Mr. Braham to his engagement at this theatre, has made opera predominate for the last few nights. *Guy Mannering* has been twice repeated. There is one advantage attending the present construction of operas, which is, that a good song may be introduced almost anywhere; whether it has any reference to the business of the scene or not. Thus, in the same piece, what are called ‘incidental’ songs are often introduced by different performers, such as are best suited to their own powers rather than to the opera. We cannot quarrel with this, when it brings forth the powerful and melodious notes of a Braham in ‘The last Words of Marmion,’ ‘Love’s Young Dream,’ or ‘Bruce’s Address to his Army,’ all which he gave with that talent which he alone possesses. Miss Carew, in the character of *Lucy Bertram*, sang the favourite ballad of this opera with great taste, and was loudly encored. Mr. Butler repeated the part of Dandie Dinmont with increased effect. This gentleman possesses comic talents of a very superior description; and he is decidedly the best Yorkshireman on the stage. We speak this without forgetting Emery, whose broad humour and pathos can never be forgotten; but we speak of the dialect only, in which Mr. Butler decidedly excels.

COVENT GARDEN.—Shakespeare’s tragedy of *Macbeth* has been again attempted at this house; the part of Macbeth by a Mr. Huddart, who, not destitute of talents for the stage, was quite unequal to the task. There are, however, several characters in which he might appear to advantage, and we hope they will be assigned to him. A new musical interlude, called *Helpless Animals*, was produced at this theatre for the first time on Wednesday night. It is a trifling production, improbable in the story, and not very happy in the dialogue. The outline is briefly this:—An old country innkeeper resolves to discharge all the females in his house, and that every thing shall be done by men. He even sends away his niece, who is entitled to a fortune of £3000, which she knows nothing of, and which he has in his possession. This young lady has a lover, who comes to the inn to look after her, and is miserable at not finding her there. Among the new domestics hired by the innkeeper, is a Yorkshire country lad, called Robin, who undertakes the office of cook. This person is no other than the niece in disguise, (Mrs. Davison) who contrives to have an interview with her lover, and leads him into a conversation, which convinces her that she is the real object of his affections. In the mean time, a supper is prepared for a country club, the members of which come punctually at the appointed hour. But the supper is delayed, and, when brought on the table, it is found that all the dishes have been so badly cooked, that none of the guests can eat them. The niece now discovers herself to her uncle, whom she convinces that men are *helpless animals* without women. We can say nothing favourable of this piece: Mrs. Davison’s male attire must be disgusting to the chaste admirers of the drama, and *Helpless Animals* is, in itself, a low and contemptible production; considerable disapprobation was manifested during the performance, and, we presume, the piece will be speedily withdrawn.—The dress circle at this theatre is newly lighted. The lustres have been restored between the dress and first circles, where they originally stood. A soft and rich light is thus diffused over the

whole circle, without any injury to the performance by outshining the stage.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—This elegant little theatre abandoned its title of the *Sans Pareil*, at the very moment when it was best intitled to it. The pieces produced this season have all been of that lively and agreeable cast which all must witness with pleasure, and the performers, most of whom have appeared on the boards of the large theatres, are here seen to great advantage. Success has hitherto marked the efforts of the managers, and they have only to pursue the course they have so happily begun to ensure its continuance.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—Since our last notice of this theatre, a variety of interesting pieces, taken from the most popular plays of the day, have been performed in a highly creditable manner; among which are, the *Bee Hive*, George Barnwell, Love and Madness, the Be-nighted Travellers, Ella Rosenberg, No Song no Supper, &c.—On Tuesday evening, the Duke and Duchess of Kent honoured the theatre with their presence; their Royal Highnesses were most enthusiastically received by a crowded and respectable audience, and God save the King was sung in good style, once at the beginning and twice at the close of the evening. The performances were, *The Bee Hive*, *The Liar*, (in which Mr. Rae played Young Wilding with his usual excellence,) and *Midas*, which has been revived here as an afterpiece, with much splendour of scenery and operatic effect.

ASTLEY’S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mr. H. Johnston, late of Drury Lane Theatre,—the best Young Norval, in his youth, and now the first performer in melo-drama on the stage,—made his first appearance at this theatre on Monday night, as Rugantino, in a piece entitled *The Bravo, or the Venetian Conspirators*. He has often played the same character so successfully at Drury Lane, that it is unnecessary to notice it; but we certainly never saw him play it better.—That excellent actress, Mrs. W. Barrymore, displays such versatile talent and rich comic humour in *Winning a Husband*, that she wins the admiration of all who see her.

COBURG THEATRE.—*The Maid of the Inn* has been produced at this theatre with much eclat: Miss Smithson, from Drury Lane, represents the heroine of the piece; her manner is chaste and effective.—Miss Cope-land has also just appeared, in a little piece called *Six to One*; the talents of these two ladies must excite considerable interest, and will be a great addition to the strength of the company.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Medical Gas.—Dr. Silliman’s American Journal of Science, contains the following case of respiration of oxygen gas. A young lady, apparently in the last stages of decline, and supposed to be affected with hydrothorax, was pronounced beyond the reach of ordinary medical aid. It was determined to administer oxygen gas. It was obtained from nitrate or potass, (salt-petre,) not because it was the best process, but because the substance could be obtained in the place, and because a common fire would serve for its extraction. The gas obtained had, of course, a variable mixture of nitrogen or azote, and probably, on an average, might not be purer than nearly the reversed proportions of the atmosphere; that is, seventy or eighty per cent. of oxygen, to twenty or thirty nitrogen; and, it is worthy of observation, whether this circumstance might not have influenced the result. Contrary to ex-

pectation, the gas was skilfully prepared and perseveringly used. From the first, the difficulty of breathing, and other oppressive affections, were relieved - the young lady grew rapidly better; and, in a few days, entirely recovered her health.

The Plague.—Baron Charles Willesstedt, who has distinguished himself by his courage and the measures which he has taken against the plague, has sent the following report on this subject from Marseilles, dated August 30. It deserves to be published:—

'On our departure, the French Consul had sent us a basket full of letters. Nobody at the Lazaretto was rash enough to risk his life by opening these letters, a great number of which were written by the Consuls at Tunis to their respective Governments; there were many hundreds from Moors and Jews, who must have been infected with the plague when they wrote them, for news has since been received of their death. Many packets contained above fifty letters. I offered to open them without any fear. The directors endeavoured to dissuade me, thinking that it would be better to burn them all, however important they might be; but, as I persevered in my proposal, it was accepted. I employed two whole days in this operation, with two other persons, who were outside of a place formed by a partition. After having opened the letters, I steeped them, one after another, in vinegar, from which those two persons took them, and wrapped them in paper. On the wrappers, the directions, which the vinegar had a little obliterated, were written; the total number of these letters was between five and six thousand. Before I undertook this operation, I had rubbed my hands and arms with a pomatum composed of wax, oil, and sulphuric acid, because the letters could not be opened with little tongs. I touched, above a hundred times, letters which bore traces of contagion, but I had a sure preventive. I had, at the same time, taken Peruvian bark internally. The Directors were astonished at my resolution.'

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!* LUCRETIUS.

Courage.—Brasidas, a Spartan general, who was distinguished for his bravery and generosity, once seized a mouse; but being bitten by it, suffered it to escape. 'There is no animal,' said he, 'so contemptible but he may be safe, if he have courage to defend himself.'

Poverty (says Jortin,) is a disease, which rages as much and as frequently in the republic of letters, as the plague in Constantinople.

Learning.—Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning? he replied, 'it is an ornament to a man in prosperity and a refuge to him in adversity.'

Genius.—Some authors (says Suard) limit the sense of genius too much. I think that every production of the mind which presents new ideas under an interesting form, and which bears in the thought, as in the expression, a character of vigour and originality, is the work of genius.

Great Men (says Bolingbroke) take great liberties, and expect to be believed on their word.

Authorship.—Godeaux, Bishop of Venice, used to say, that to compose was an author's heaven; to correct his works an author's purgatory; but, to correct the press an author's hell.

A British vessel, with the Bishop of Quebec on board, touched at an island in possession of the French, and principally inhabited by savages. The bishop being missed for several hours, a party of sailors went up to the island in search of him. In their progress they met with a savage, and inquired of him whether he knew any thing of the Bishop of Quebec:—'Know him, indeed,' said he, 'I have eaten a piece of him.'

Wanted a Wife.—A curious case lately came before the Insolvent Debtors' Court. A debtor was opposed by his creditor, on the ground that he had not accounted for near 200l., which he had received for a curious purpose, namely, that of procuring the old gentleman a matrimonial connexion. The debtor stated, in answer to inquiries, that he had expended the money in procuring meetings between the creditor and different ladies with whom he was desirous of uniting in wedlock. One of the ladies was a *black*, and, upon a particular occasion, the creditor danced upon a table for the amusement of a large party of females at Richmond. The investigation of these transactions afforded much mirth in court. The opposition failed, and the debtor was discharged.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'My Father,' 'A Rainbow,' 'Acea,' 'The Gypsies,' with the favours of L., Wilford, and Mr. Harris, are intended for our next.

'Solitude,' 'Mirth,' J. W. D. and J. B., in an early number.

'Clemency,' 'Frederick,' and the 'Translation of Alfieri,' are received.

Erratum, p. 398, col. 1, line 2 from bottom, for 'Janerweid' read 'Sauerweid.'

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'A straw—thrown up to see which way the wind blows.'

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'The loves and graces lend a list'ning ear,
And wonder what new song this is they hear!
Forth from their flow'ry grots they gather round;
In mute amazement catch the fleeting sound.'

'O, Death! thy mortal sabre hath drunk deep
The streams of bleeding friendship, this sad night;
But not on thee this carnage we reflect,
'Twas blind affection—prejudice, that gave
Thy dread commission, and the untimely grave.'

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